Link's Adventure in Heelfall
Part 2: Training
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Link's hands trembled as he offered up the birch branch he had cut and trimmed himself to his new adopted mother, General Alexandra. Alexandra hummed, and examined the heavy switch carefully. As requested, it was thicker than the breadth of Link's thumb. Every stroke of this rod would raise a thick, angry, red welt; at least, it would in the proper hands, and against the proper bottom.

Behind her, Alexandra overheard the sounds of soldiers snickering, and spotted a few of the castle guards whispering from behind their hands. Alexandra scowled. She would have to report them to the Captain of the Guard for breaking decorum. They'd get off lightly with a public strapping. But for now, Alexandra was content to let them have their fun. A few giggling witnesses would make this experience all the more humbling for her errant young charge. Alexandra whipped the rod to point towards a long wooden bench at the side of the castle courtyard. "Very good, soldier. You've prepared a fine switch, but now you must prepare yourself for your switching. Bare your bottom at once, then march straight to that bench, and rest your weight on your elbows. Keep your legs straight, and your head up."

Link's cheeks and ears flushed red as he overheard the guards and footsoldiers tittering. Carefully, he pulled down his own breeches, holding down the hem of his tunic's skirt, then toddled towards the bench, his undergarments tugging at his ankles. Meekly, Link raised his own skirt, tucked it into the back of his belt to expose buttocks, which was already marked with mottled red-violet bruises from his last spanking, and assumed the position for his next spanking. Link groaned as he felt his aching bottom stretch and tingle.

He heard heavy bootsteps as General Alexandra approached him, and tapped the birch rod against his rump. "All right, young man. I want you to let everyone here know why you are getting this caning."

Link mumbled softly under his breath, but with a quick flick of her wrist, Alexandra snapped the rod across his bottom. "Speak up."

Link hissed, but resisted the urge to flinch. "I tried to run away from home last night. And I almost made it, too."

Alexandra tapped the rod twice across Link's behind. "None of that cheek. Now, tell us what happens to naughty little boys who turn their bed sheets into escape ropes and go climbing down castle walls?"

"We get spankings, on our bare bottoms, for being naughty."

Alexandra stroked the hand-made cane along Link's bottom. "That's right. You will get six of the best instructors for each offense. Six for trying to run away…and another six, for making a mess of your bed. Now, what do you say when it's time for a spanking, young man?"

Some of the onlookers chuckled with undisguised mirth at this mirth. They knew from experience that the General had a knack for making punishments humiliating for any soldier who failed in her duty. Link took a deep breath. "Yes, Mommy. Please spank me, just like I deserve."

Immediately, Alexandra delivered a mean stroke of the switch across Link's buttocks with trembling force. Link howled, and kicked up his foot as he felt the rod lancing across him, like a knife cutting through warm butter. Alexandra tapped the tip of the rod against Link's boot. "Foot down. That one doesn't count."

Link growled, then stomped his foot down with force. The watching soldiers froze in terror, wondering how Alexandra would deal with this obstinance. But to their surprise, Alexandra actually smiled, turning to look at the onlookers with a meaningful look. Then, without looking, she delivered a backhand stroke of the rod, aimed precisely across the center of Link's buttocks. Alexandra waited a few seconds, then counted. "One."

Link resisted the urge to kick as Alexandra delivered the next set of strokes. After the sixth, she paused for almost an entire minute, stretching her arm, and switching the switch to her other hand. Link took shaky breaths, and felt the seven throbbing, tingling welts, all in neat lines.

Finally, Alexandra began the switching again. This time, she aimed a stroke diagonally, cutting across several of the previous welts. "One."

Link winced as the last stroke awakened a fresh sting across his current set of stripes, before the next one landed just below the last. Link twitched, his knees knocking together, but didn't kick. Alexandra smiled. "Two."

Immediately, she landed the third stroke, without giving Link time to catch his breath. He cried in surprise, his hat flopping as he arched his back. Link's knees buckled, before he straightened his legs and obediently held up his bottom. Alexandra was impressed. She had expected Link to give her a reason to start the count over from the beginning long ago. "Three."

Alexandra strolled to Link's other side, and examined her work. This time, she decided, she would aim a stroke at a new angle, to create a cross-hatch pattern of welts over the previous set. Alexendra raised her arm high and swung the rod with a snap of her elbow. She waited until Link finished howling, and counted. "Four."

For the last two strokes, Alexandra changed her tactics again. This time, she used more follow through, making sure the rod sank deep into the meat of Link's glutes. Link almost choked, and caught himself roughly on his elbows to avoid banging his head against the bench. Alexandra took a shaky breath. "Five."

She delivered the last stroke with equal force. Link screamed, and collapsed onto his knees. The onlookers gasped. Link's eyes popped open as he realized his mistake. Quickly, he rose to his feet, awaiting the General's terrible judgment.

The seconds dragged on. Finally, Link dared to glimpse over his shoulder. General Alexandra looked stern, implaccable. "Young man, you left your position. If you were one of my sword-women, I would start your caning all over again, right from the beginning, just for that."

Link sniffled, then bowed his head, holding his bottom high for the spanking to begin again. "I'm sorry, Mommy. Please finish my spanking."

Looking furious, Alexandra tapped the cane against Link's behind, and held it. Then finally, Alexandra cracked a smile, and shrugged. "But on the other hand, you're not one of my sword-women. Boys will be boys, after all."

Link blinked. "You mean…my spanking is over?"

Alexandra knelt, and patted Link on the head. "Of course the spanking is over, you silly child. There is definite room for improvement, but you took your first caning about as well as I expected you to."

Alexandra pulled Link into a gentle hug, then reached around to pet his still exposed hindquarters. "Now, gird your loins."

Link blushed, and quickly stooped to pull up his breeches. The women erupted in laughter as Link fixed his clothing, before a strange, black-haired woman strolled into the courtyard. She was nearly as tall as General Alexandra, but more lithely built. She wore a red military jacket with golden-tassled pauldrons and a dainty pair of spectacles. “Enough of that racket! You lot, shame on you. Women of the Royal Guards, acting like a pack of school girls. I expect to see you all at the flogging post, wearing your shifts, and nothing else, before mess.”

Alexandra turned to face the black-haired officer. “Morning, Captain Anita.”

Anita straightened her posture, and saluted. “General Alexandra. Please, forgive my guards-women’s lack of manners.”

“Oh? And if I forgive them, will you take their flogging for each of them?”

Anita held her salute with perfect resolve. “Yes, ma’am! If that is your judgment.”

Alexandra turned to the royal guards. “And what say the accused? Will you let your commanding officer take the punishment that is due to you?”

The armored guards quickly saluted. Despite the fact they were all wearing helmets that obscured their faces, somehow, they were all clearly shame-faced. One of the guards spoke. “General Alexandra, Ma’am. If it is your will, please allow us the honor to accept our own floggings.”

Alexandra nodded. “So be it. Report to the flogging posts promptly, as you were ordered. Captain Anita, your women’s loyalty speaks well of you. So, I’ll leave the fate of their bottoms to you.”

“Thank you, ma’am!”

Alexandra waved a hand. “At ease, Captain. I have a favor to ask. I’ve recently adopted a son, Link. He likes to play at combat with swords, and I’d like you to personally see to his training in fencing.”

Anita glanced at Link, raising an eyebrow. “A boy? Learning to sword fight?”

Alexandra giggled. “I know. The child is quite the tomboy. Of course, I expect you to be strict with him. What do you say, Link? Would you like to learn how to properly fence?”

Link clenched his fists. “I already know how to sword fight.”

All eyes in the courtyard were on Link. Alexandra’s smile vanished. “Then I expect to hear an excellent report from Captain Anita after your first lesson. Is that understood, young man?”

Link sensed the unspoken threat behind the words, and tensed. “Yes, ma’am.”

Alexandra glared at Link, then pinched his cheek gently. “That’s the spirit, son. You, shield-maidens, bathe the boy, then help him dress for his first lesson.”

Link’s pointed ears twitched as the women approached him. “But–”

Then one of the shield-maidens scooped him up by the waist, and cradled him against her shoulder to carry him away.

Alexandra waved a finger at Link’s face. “And if he gives you any trouble in the tub, you have my permission to spank him soundly. Do let me know if he misbehaves, of course. Remember, Link, if another woman has to spank you on my behalf, for any reason, you can expect another spanking from me before bedtime.”

The moment the two women were out of earshot, they erupted in girlish squeals of delight. The one carrying Link gasped for air, fighting to stop laughing. “Omigosh! He’s sooo cute!”

Link felt his face burning, and tried to look away.

The second shield-maiden cooed “Aw, you’re embarrassing him. Look, his ears are all red!”

“Not to mention his poor bottom! Tee hee!”

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During Link’s bathtime, the-shield maidens held a teasing argument about which of them should spank him, if he splashed too much in the tub. At this, Link started to cry softly, and both girls promised not to spank him, assuming he behaved himself.

In the end, Link managed to avoid a bathtime spanking. After a thorough scrubbing, he was dressed in a fresh set of his own clothing, one of his green Kokiri tunics, and escorted to the barracks.

The fencing hall was a long, narrow, high-ceilinged room. Lines in chalk marked rectangular arenas for fencing practice. To the sides, a few knights were practicing fencing with girl squires, some barely older than Link.

Captain Anita stood in the central arena with her hands folded behind her, then turned to face Link. “Ah, the aspiring sword fighter has arrived. Thank you shield-maidens, you are dismissed.”

The two maidens looked disappointed, but bowed their way out, slamming the door behind them. Link crossed his arms, and glowered at Captain Anita, pouting.

Anita bowed at the waist to look Link carefully in the eye, and traced a finger along his long, pointed ear. “Strange. Is that a common trait in your home country?”

Link clapped a hand against his ear. “It’s just an ear. Everyone has them.”

“None of the men here have ears shaped like knives. I expect a proper answer to my question, soldier.”

Link bowed his head, his face burning. “Yes, ma’am. Everyone in Hy–”

Link stammered before he accidentally blurted out the name of Hyrule Kingdom. “–My home country. We all have ears like this.”

Anita curled her lip. “And what is the name of your home country?”

Link held his head up, trying not to blink as he stared back at Anita. Finally, she cracked a smile. “Come now, child, what is the harm in telling the name of your home? Afraid we’ll conquer it?”

“I am a Knight of Hyrule Kingdom, dubbed by Princess Zelda herself. You’ll never conquer our home.”

“A Kingdom? How strange. At least you have a proper Princess to knight you. Though if all the knights are as little as you, I doubt it’d be a difficult conquest.”

“I’m not–” Link almost denied being little, but caught himself. “–I’m not afraid.”

Anita let the moment hang, then giggled. “Such pluck. Fetch a training sword, and we can begin.”

“I prefer my own Kokiri sword and Deku shield.”

“A sword and board fighter? I’ve seen your adorable little sword. A well made blade, but you’ll be using a wooden practice sword, same as everyone else.”

“I fight better with my own weapons.”

“And I fight better with a spear. I hear your duel with General Anita ended rather quickly. But we will begin with the basics. If you do not want a spanking *before* the fencing lesson, then fetch a training sword.”

Link grit his teeth, and collected a wooden sword from the racks. He felt the eyes of the women knights and girl squires following him as they paused their training.

When Link returned to the central arena, Anita drew her own wooden sword, and took a defensive stance. “Your first lesson: always gauge your opponent. There is no shame in being the weaker fighter, so long as you resist cowardice. Try to break my defense.”

Link entered into a ready stance, holding his sword behind him. He gripped the hilt so tightly with his left hand, he felt his knuckles trembling.

Anita smiled. “You are left-handed? How peculiar. I imagine that would throw a lesser opponent off her guard.”

Link charged, twirling the sword in his left hand. Anita’s brows furrowed, before she parried his first wild thrust, and hopped backwards. Link pressed the attack, flowing gracefully into a well-practiced attack combo. He had to keep pressing forward to stay in range, forcing Anita nearly out of the arena. She spun lightly away from the final strike of his attack, and retreated back toward the center of the ring. “Good, ferocious offense. Though a bit wild on your approach. Next, try to–”

Link jumped backwards, spinning wildly to press his attack without losing any of his earlier momentum. Anita gasped, and held the sword in a close guard, barely parrying each new attack. Finally, she answered with a low diagonal stroke aimed at Link’s skull. Link hopped to the side, craning his neck to let the sword glance off his scalp, and

attempted to flank Anita from her right side. Only Anita's footwork saved her from getting poked in the stomach. She was forced to stumble backward awkwardly, but just out of range. Link jumped in the air to deliver a flying downward stroke to her skull.

At the last moment, Anita dropped to the ground, blocking Link's attack with such force, he felt his arm jam from the impact. Anita rolled backwards, and sprang lightly back to her feet. Around them, a few of the women and girls started to murmur. "I've never seen anyone press the Captain that hard."

Link gasped for air. He'd put everything he had into that relentless attack, and already he felt the strain take its toll on his muscles.

Anita took a shaky breath. "Incredible. Pure instinct. You've clearly trained yourself…but your attacks fall short of their mark. That's the sort of aggressive 'dog-fighting' style I'd expect from a big barbarian. You're not taking your small stature into account."

Link gulped for air. The wooden sword was longer than his Kokiri sword. Despite its humble appearance, something about the weight of the plain sword triggered a memory: it reminded him of holding the Master Sword, when he had still had his adult body as the Hero of Time. But he had no shield to work with. Link steadied his breath, and held up his sword in a two-handed guard, the kind he used with larger weapons.

The moments dragged on, and as he waited for Anita's attack, Link saw her expression change. But, strangely, Anita didn't look angry. Her face was perfectly calm.

She understood his silent challenge. It was as if Link was saying, *"Come get me."*

Then Anita thrust forward, holding her sword in one hand. Link deflected her attacks, retreating to keep out of her strike range. Anita's attack was almost like a dance: fluid, composed. It reminded Link of the fighting of the Gerudo Thieves, all women, who fought with graceful, curved scimitars.

After Anita delivered three elegant attacks, Link tried to take her by surprise with a quick stab, but she glided out of the way of his sword point, and spun to face him. "So, you *do* know more than how to lunge like a wild dog. Bravo. There's no faking a solid defense. So, we come to the last lesson of the day, which is the same as the first: always gauge your opponent."

But Link didn't answer.

Anita switched her stance to match Link's, even mirroring his two handed grip. "I have a confession to make. When I heard that General Alexandra had caught the infamous wild-boy who'd joined Lord Chapman's rebellion, I was sorely tempted to give you a good drubbing, just to teach you a lesson. Those rebel dogs deserve no mercy. But you've fought so admirably that–just this once–I'm willing to offer you a draw."

The watching audience held their breath. Link narrowed his eyes. "What if I don't want to call it a draw?"

Anita fixed her spectacles. "Then we can finish our duel. But if we continue, I'm fighting you to win, and if I win, I'm punishing you as I see fit."

Link relaxed his grip on his sword. "And if I win?"

Anita closed her eyes, and smiled. She looked almost girlish. "Why, then you can spank *me*, of course."

Link switched from his two-handed grip back to his left-handed fighting style, but with a twist. He imitated his wild approach, then feinted, ducking to the side to attack Anita on the left, away from her sword arm.

Anita seemed to fall for the feint, hesitating as she tried to block. Link saw his opening, and with a triumphant war cry, he struck.

Then, Anita lightly switched her sword to her left hand, and deflected Link's attack. Link's eyes popped open as he stumbled forward, before Anita spun her sword and flicked the flat of the wooden blade across his bottom. Link gasped as he felt his cane strokes from earlier that morning scream in protest.

Link spun to defend, but Anita had gone on the attack, using her left hand to strike with a series of ferocious, flowing strokes. It was Link's own fighting style. Link blocked three of the blows before the last one crashed against him with such force, it knocked him backwards, landing flat on his sore bottom.

Then, Link felt the tip of a wooden sword against his throat. Anita shook her head. "Tut, tut. You've failed your first test. Always gauge your opponent. I'm afraid you've developed some bad habits as a sword fighter. You fight like a wild dog. So I'll just have to train you, just like a puppy, to break you of those habits. And the best way to train a foolish puppy…"

Anita knocked Link's sword out of his hand, and took him by the wrist, roughly helping him up onto his feet, then reached around to pat his bottom playfully with her wooden sword. "...is to swat it across its cute little tail."

Link shook his head, and grabbed roughly at Anita's wrist. "No! You can't!"

Anita frowned as Link forced her to drop her wooden sword, then grabbed him by the collar of his shirt. "Too late, pup. I'm afraid I can. I think a good spanking will teach you to quit while you're ahead. Let's find a suitable spot for the 'seat of learning.'"

Anita led him out of the fencing hall, onto the rampart of a stone battlement that overlooked the courtyard. Link had just enough time to notice that the battlement had been set up with chairs and stools to act as a leisurely spot for the castle's inhabitants, before his terrible dread of the coming spanking drove the thought from his mind.

Anita led Link toward a chair, and seated herself. Link's hands flailed to break her grip, but she calmly pulled down his undergarments, and plopped him down across her left thigh, raising her right hand high. "A mistake like that would have gotten you killed in a real duel. Therefore, you need proper motivation, to teach you better. This is for your own good, pup."

With that, Anita brought her hand down sharply across Link's bare bottom. He howled in pain, feeling the sting keenly along with the ache of his previous caning.

The gathered women gasped with delight as they watched Anita begin to spank Link in earnest. Captain Anita wasn't quite as strong as the gigantic General Alexandra, but what Anita lacked in muscle, she made up for with precision. In contrast to Alexandra's "heavy-handed" approach, Anita kept her palm steady, and used her wrist to add a little extra friction to each spank. Link instantly noticed the difference, and at the moment, he wasn't sure which was worse.

The fact that the spanking wasn't overwhelmingly forceful meant that Link could hear every word as Anita began to lecture him in a gentle, sing-song voice. "I'm afraid this spanking is absolutely necessary, so that you never even *think* of trying anything so foolish ever again. I made note of the defiant look in your eyes while we were sparring. You are a willful boy."

There was a sound of heavy footsteps, and General Alexandra appeared at the doorway. "I hear the tell-tale sounds of one hand clapping…Oh dear, Captain Anita? Has my son been a handful for you today?"

Link's pleading quickly melted into incoherent yammering. Anita nodded, without pausing the spanking. "I'm afraid so, General. From the state of this bottom, and his reaction to this spanking, I can tell that your discipline has already had a positive effect on the boy."

Already, Link had started to cry softly. Alexandra sighed as she watched the proceedings. "Thank you, but it's clear Link needs a good spanking, and lots more of it. Since he is still just a boy, he will have to learn his place–even if he is being trained to

be a knight one day. Link, dear, I'm afraid I'll have to punish you. You know I promised you a spanking before bedtime if you earned a spanking from your instructor."

Link gagged, and tried to scream a protest, before another spank cut him off, and he let out a warbling wail of woe. Anita giggled. "I don't see how you have the heart to punish him so strictly. He's so cute, it breaks my heart to have to spank him. Just listen to him cry! He sounds just like a poor, woebegone little puppy."

Alexandra nodded. "Yes, I hate to have to spank the darling boy. But nevertheless, I want you to spank him soundly, before every fencing lesson"

Anita giggled. "Oh, don't worry. Link may be like an untrained, disobedient puppy for now. But I'm sure that routine trips over my lap will teach him to behave."

Alexandra watched Anita's hand rise and fall with interest. "My goodness, listen to how he's carrying on. How do you do it? He's such a strong-willed lad, even I sometimes have trouble getting him to shed real tears."

Anita landed a particularly firm swat with an upward angle of her arm, gliding it across Link's upper bottom, before lifting her knee to reveal Link's hidden sit-spots, just below the puppy fat under his bottom. "Oh, it's all in the wrist. A good spanking should always end in tears after all!"

Then, Anita started the spanking all over again, concentrating her attention on the newly exposed area, and Link started to shed thick, messy teardrops.

Alexandra cooed with admiration. "Captain Anita, would you help me give Link his bedtime spanking tonight? I feel my son would benefit from your guiding hand."

Anita smiled sweetly, and delivered a final, resounding spank. Link howled like a wolf pup, then broke down with a final groan, and gurgled weakly.

Anita patted the upturned, glowing, crimson buttocks before her, then stood, cradling Link in her arms. "I would be honored to assist you, General Alexandra. Link was most fortunate to be adopted by you. You were kind to rescue him from those rebel curs."

Link reached weakly toward Alexandra, and she accepted Link into her arms, patting the back of his shoulders, and kissing his cheek. "Well, I've always believed every boy needs a strong, female role model in his life. I hope he comes to think of you as a second mother. Have you learned your lesson, Link?"

Weeping softly, Link's breath hitched as he tried to speak. "Y-yes, Mommy."

Alexandra set Link back on his feet, and tucked the back of his skirt into his belt to expose his bare, spanked bottom. "And what do you say to your teacher?"

Link shuffled his feet, struggling to look Captain Anita in the eye. "So-s-sorry, for being st-st-stupid, t-teacher. Th-thank you for sp-spa-spanking me. P-puh-please…forgive me?"

Anita held Link's hand, and patted it. "Aw, just like a sad puppy, with his tail between his legs. Of course I forgive you, Link, dear. And I hope I never have to spank you again."

Alexandra giggled. "Don't be absurd, Captain. Of course you will! Once before bed tonight, and again first thing tomorrow morning, before his next lesson."

Link tried to wipe his tears away on the back of his hands, but they just kept coming. He held his head back and sobbed, before clinging to Captain Anita's skirts. She knelt, and drew him into a soft hug, shushing him gently, and patting his bottom. "This poor little tail will need some time to heal before tonight. Come along, Link, I have a soothing ointment to help it feel a little better. It's not magic, but it will help numb the pain."

Link accepted the hug eagerly, desperate for any form of comfort.

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From the outlook atop the highest tower, Princess Charlotte looked out over the courtyard with cold interest. Then, she overheard the sound of distant crying, and glanced down. "Interesting. That's the boy who fancied himself a rebel. The one General Alexandra adopted as her own…I wonder if he really has long, pointy ears."

Even from a distance, Charlotte could make out the boy's bright red bottom as he followed the two women inside the barracks. Charlotte smiled. "Well, at least he's not being spoiled."

The End?